



South Denver #93 Trestleboard



Stated communications the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month September–May

CALENDAR –

February 2016

February 2nd

Stated Communication

Dinner at 6:30

Lodge Opens at 7:15

Presentation by Brother

Michael Moore

February 16th

Stated Communication

Dinner at 6:30

Lodge Opens at 7:15

Presentation of Memorial Roll

Greetings from the East...

May Brotherly Love Prevail, and Every Moral and Social Virtue Cement Us...

**“How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?**

Girl, you know it’s true. Ooo. Ooo. Ooo. I love you.”

From Elizabeth Barrett Browning to William Shakespeare, and even Milli Vanilli, poets, dramatists and songwriters have endeavored to put the strongest of human emotions, love, into words. Some do it better than others obviously, but writing a love poem, whether for it to be read or sung, has been the choice of expression for love-struck men and women for years. 4,000 years actually.

Because the oldest love poem ever found dates back to 2030 B.C. It was likely written by a high priestess in ancient Sumeria, a region in what is now Iraq. The poem expresses her love for the Sumerian king Shu-Sin, to whom she was betrothed as a stand-in for the fertility goddess known as Inanna. Every year, the king would marry the new high priestess and consummate the marriage to bring prosperity to his kingdom.

The poem begins innocently enough: “Bridegroom, dear to my heart. Goodly is your beauty, honeysweet.” But after that, it gets a bit more risqué as the scene shifts to the “bedchamber” and the intimacy the two shared as part of their sacred duty. Things must have gone well because the poet then goes on about how her parents will bring gifts and delicacies to the king as their way of saying thank you for taking their daughter to bed.

The poem ends with the bride professing her undying love for her groom, saying, “You, because you love me, give me pray of your caresses.” Such expression of longing and devotion is achingly familiar to anyone smitten by another’s touch, and surely inspiration for the poetry of artists like Browning, Shakespeare and, yes, even Milli and/or Vanilli.

February is the month of love, with Valentine’s Day falling dead center like Cupid’s arrow in the romantic’s heart. Take a cue from the ancient Sumerians. Whether through a poem or song lyric or personal note, write to your love this Valentine’s Day. It’s an expression of love that has stood the test of time.

Fraternally,

Message from the West...

Brethren,

The month of February is often closely associated with Valentine's Day. A day where we celebrate romantic love. We send flowers, gifts, chocolates to our wives and significant others to express our romantic love. Although a lot of our perception of the holiday itself may be heavily influenced by consumerism and greeting card marketing campaigns, I personally think that the opportunity to outwardly express and celebrate romantic love with our significant other is enjoyable. It's not just an interpersonal experience, but a societal one; we compete for dinner reservations at packed restaurants, and send big flower arrangements and cards to be delivered in grand fashion, etc. Our ancestors celebrated romantic love in festivals, religious rites, and holidays. I encourage the brethren to honor their wives and significant others by joyously celebrating the opportunity to celebrate such a vital part of the human experience and human condition.

But no discussion of love would be complete in a Trestleboard without delving into brotherly love. Masonic fraternity and our deep bonds and ties each other as brothers is what makes us Masons. As we enter a month often associated with romantic love, we should also affirm our dedication to Masonic brotherly love. The support, friendship, and encouragement from brothers can be inspiring and critical during times of solace and distress. If you have the opportunity to do so, seize a chance to engage in fellowship with a brother or group of brethren. Enjoying the company of our brethren is the glue of our fraternity.

Fraternally,
Andrew Schnackenberg
Senior Warden